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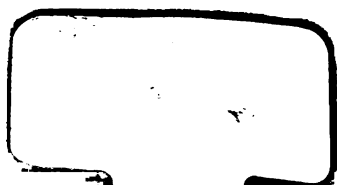
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Handsome



"CREVE-CŒUR." *

A POEM,

DESCRIPTIVE OF

Two and Forty Hours, in the

ENVIRONS OF SUNNYMEAD;

BY

THE HANDSOME BLONDE AND THE CHERUB.

"Each maid a heroine,
And each man a friend."

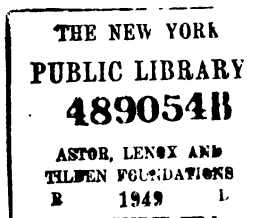
LONGFELLOW.

ST. LOUIS:

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1876.

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Entered, according to Act of this "Centennial Congress,"
in the month of July, by

THE COURTLY ASHLEY & NAPOLEON,
in the Clerk's office of the Distracted Court of the State of
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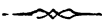


MR. MOSS HUNTON,

the following Poem is affectionately
dedicated, by the grateful recipients
of his kind attentions.



PREFACE.



“Creve-Cœur” was written, not with the intention of a public circulation, but “In Memoriam;” not of the broken hearts of the Spanish maid and lover, who sought releif from this troubled world, beneath the peaceful waters of the lake which bears this name, —but of a gayer company of bold knights and gentle ladies, who

Wandered happy and free,
O'er hill and o'er lea;
Whose hearts did not break,
Though on the enchanted lake;

and vividly to recall sweet recollections, of the 5th, 6th and 7th, three happy days “in the leafy month of June.”

1876.

THE PARTY.

Miss Mary McCreery,

Mr. Moss Hunton.

Miss Mary McKinley,

Mr. John Davis.

Miss Grace McPheeters,

Mr. Ashley Cabell.

Miss Mary Davis,

Mr. T. S. McPheeters.

Miss Muggie Lionberger,

Mr. H. T. Kent.

Creve-Cœur.

IN Anglo-Saxon pure and free,
I will tell you a history;
The story of a party gay,
Who went out on a jolly day,
In the merry month of June,
When heaven and earth were in tune.
Of this party we sing the praise,
And care not what Mrs. Grundy says,
For many a joke did remind us,
We had left that dame behind us.

And first came the invitation.
And then the acceptance.
And now behold us at the train,
Where 'twas sorely against the grain,
And a matter we did hate,
To find our friend Kent so late—
But just on time he came, aghast!
And here we are—off—at last!!
Over the valley madly we fly,
O'er the meadows, under the sky,

From the group collected there,
 Out upon the Summer air,
 From voices sweet and strong,
 Was heard the flight of song.
 As along the road we pass,
 I heard our friend John sigh, alas!
 But here is Jennings Station,
 And John has occupation.
 As he goes on the platform,
 Buttons his coat to keep it on,
 His heart heavily swells within,
 As Mary comes stepping in;
 And much to our surprise,
 He raises his voice and cries:

‘Now raise your glass,
 And let the toast pass
 To the coming lass!’

(How’s that for John?)

One with air Napoleonic,
 Smiles with smile sardonic,
 But he is at heart a cherub,
 With voice as sweet as syrup,
 And the time he loses in wooing,
 Will be his hearts undoing.
 To Miss D. he whispers low—
 * * * Starry skies,
 * * * And her eyes
 * * * Tender light,
 * * * Dark and bright.
 What this means I do not know,
 Possibly the sequel will show.
 But ladies, ’tis but his way,
 In the end he runs away,
 And I would warn you Miss Davis,
 That he is but a rara avis.

So on we go, with hearts as free
As the waters of the deep blue sea;
And others hold themselves in need,
For here we are at Sunnymead.
Some distance from the iron street
Stands our host's country-seat,
And up there on the hill will be
"Free-hearted hospitality."
Proudly brings out Moss his forces,
Proudly conscious prance the horses,
As up the hill they gayly drew,
Our party in the carriage new,—
There out upon the portico,
As the evening shadows grow,
We did such a welcome receive,
As you, my friends, can scarce conceive.
No cares had we beyond to-day,
And out upon the lawn we play,
And all around the grounds we strayed,
Beneath the trees pleasant shade.
Soon, however, some one cried—
Let's go to Bridgeton for a ride;
Along the way we'll have some chats,
And we must surely buy some hats,
For tomorrow will see the birth
Of the jolliest day of mirth.
Miss Maggie says she would excel,
And among the boys be a belle.
"No sooner said than done" said Moss,
"I'd have you know—here I'm boss."

Up to town he whirls
His merry load,
Just ten inside,
Along the road
Does swiftly glide,
Just to please the girls.

Now we come dashing back with glee.
In time for a most excellent tea.
And the way Miss Sallie's muffins and cake,
With the girls and boys did take,
Will be a criterion to palates rare.
In solving the problem of good fare.
Again we rise to stroll around,
'Till loving couples soon Luna found,
And Cupid's darts fell thick and fast,
Each talking to his charming lass.
I come to one with sunset hair,
And of complexion radiantly fair.
And if just here the poet should sore aloft—
Forgive him friends, for 'tis said he's soft.
A wonderful girl this Maggie C. ———
Especially when arbored with a certain H. T.———
And I venture to say she leads the nation,
In a good and square flirtation.
'Tis true I'm sure, that in the start
She wounded many a noble heart,—
First she would smile at the handsome blonde:
And he exclaims, by the gods! I think I've won!
And then she looked at the noble Moss,
And sighing, he said, "my heart is lost."
And anon she would sing to the cherub Kent,
And he swore "'twas the voice of an angel sent,"
'Till like Pope's Belinda, it may be said
By all whom she so gently led,
"Favors to none, a smile to all extends
Oft' she repeats, but never once offends;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look upon her face and you'll forget them all."
And now we come to sing of one,
Whose part was well and nobly done.
For the loving Moss did ne'er grow weary.

In promenading with Miss McCreery.
The poet here puzzles his head,
To find out what was done and said;
For to themselves they did keep,
In some lone and quiet retreat,
Or roaming abroad regardless of fear,
"Though lost to sight, to memory dear."
But by and by, all gathered in,
And then the jolly games begin.
And 'mid the darkness of the night,
There was a constant throwing light—
Miss Mary McK. was in the lead,
And the man that whispers loud take heed.
And the jovial judge and his loving wife,
Entered into the youthful strife.
'Tis said that smiles and tears are kin,
So after the games the prayers begin.
And who disputes the beauteous scene,
When under the lamplight's mellow sheen,
Youth around the family alter bows,
To offer up their evening vows.
Such scenes as these did Burns inspire,
To clothe in true poetic fire,
The joyous and sincere delight
Of a Cotter's Saturday night.
From the Judge comes solemn tones,
Which remind the absent of their homes;
And to our maker we humbly raise
Our voices in most hallowed praise.
Now the ladies say good bye,
And the geuts eagerly ask them why.
But from sleep they can scarce refrain,
Saying, stay but a little, we'll come again.
Then going to their rooms to seek repose,
But woman-like, each tells the other what she knows.

'Till just as in Morpheus' arms they lay.
Comes sweetest music not far away ;
And they all agree that there ne'er was made
A sleep more pleasant by a serenade.
The gentlemen now begin to snooze,
When one cries aloud, my shoes ! my shoes !
And jumping up, his shoes he hid,
To prevent the blacking of the kid.
The house was wrapped in quiet sleep,
When McPheeters made a tremendous leap.
Exclaiming as he rushed about,
That on a ride he was going out.
Just as the Sun peeped from the East,
He was mounted on his prancing beast.
With one so fair by his side,
Whom rumor says will be his bride.
To muffins now again we come,
This time accompanied with much fun ;
For the dignified McPheeters broke
The silence with a capital joke,
And soon it was the breakfast news.
The Cherub Kent and his kid-top shoes.
After the breakfast, at the door
Stood our waiting team once more.
Of the Judge our leave we take,
Merrily moving towards the Lake :
On the way as we moved along,
There was many a sweet and well tuned song,
Occasionally, there was an impromptu line.
Often of a nature truly sublime.
But John brought down the loudest praise,
When he his melodious voice did raise,
And said : "Here's to Miss Mary McKinley,
For she is a very fine lady,—
 Drink her down !"

And down she went into her seat,
Not knowing how this sentiment to greet,
And indeed quite overcome this time,
By the serious John and his measured rhyme.
But now we are on the pic-nic field,
Where each fair one thought her powers to wield;
And by her looks and charms to make,
The coming Lady of the Lake.
First John and Mary begin to stroll,
For John had a story yet untold;
And seated by the murmuring brook,
He told his tale in every look.
The poet treads now on delicate ground,
For Miss Mary's equal can scarce be found;
Save in Kate Aubrey of a Warren's brain,
Or the Agnes which gave to Dickens fame.
Soon other couples, not quite so sweet,
Went wandering up the mountain steep,
Whilst others stretched upon the grass,
Their time more lazily did pass.
But soon the gents the ladies hail,
And request their company for a sail;
And now our party is all afloat
On the Captain's well rigged boat.
And as we sail o'er placid "Creve-Cœur,
Each one lingered by his lover near—
Till amid the waves ripples sweet,
Each told his tale in phrase quite neat,—
And O! what heart's impervious to the scenes
Of youthful couples, many in their teens,
With logic and reason thrown aside,
Each appealing to true love for his bride.
But the spooniest couple I chanced to see,
Was the gallant T. S. and Miss Mary D——;
For quickly they went upon the bow,

And from his looks I judge did vow
Afresh, his youthful heart and hand,
To one the loveliest of the land;
A woman who does so well combine,
A noble soul and a cultured mind,
And whose looks and tones do dart
An instant sublime through the heart.
But from our hunger we began to learn,
That 'twas time for us to soon return,
For within us a silent longing seemed to lurk,
For the shore again and Miss Sallie's handi-work.
The gallant ship touches the strand,
And each one taking his partner by the hand,
Led her to the sylvan shade,
Where doubtless many a future match was made.
And now, Miss Mary McK., to all so dear,
Cries—"deacon Henry do come here,
And bring some viands, lose no time,
For waiting souls are anxious to dine."
If between love and appetite there's a divorce,
The Muse knows not whither to steer his course,
For 'tis false, what loves above are told,
If we shall trust to this truth of old.
And Venus and Cupid groaned to hear the cries,
Of Sardines, Spring Chleekens and Lemon pies.
With swelling heart the poet doth hear
Compliments both far and near,
To the Courtly Ashley arrayed in grey,
Who was the Philip Sidney of the day;
For ne'er did virgin queen bestow
Upon her clever and accomplished beau.
Half the praises that our beau monde
Lavished on the handsome blonde.
But he soon was captured by a winning face,
None other than that of the charming Grace—

Whose words so sweet and eyes so blue,
Did the Courtly Ashley quite subdue,
The genial Hunton and Maggie dear,
Were carrying on a flirtation near;
She sitting still, refusing to stroll,
Recollecting well the maxim of old,
For the reason said she, "my heart is lost,"
And "a rolling stone gathers no *moss*."
But the shades of evening fall thick and fast,
And upon scenes so dear we look our last,—
Homeward we are bound to tell the story,
Of the pic-nic day with all its glory.
The gents fatigued, not feeling handy,
Stopped on the way for some blackberry brandy,
And pulling-down their high cut vests,
Gave to each song an additional zest.
The setting sun finds us on the lawn,
Which we had left amidst the dews of morn,
And again we receive the welcome first told,
Which swells the truly grateful soul.
But kind friends, we must codelude,
Lest on your patience we should intrude;
For we could tell of the smutty face,
Which looked conspicuous on the lovely Grace,—
And of Miss McC., so sweet and pure,
Quoting poetry at the front door,
But our race is run, our poem's done,
Which we hope has afforded you all much fun.
And now we say adieu, a long adieu
To scenes which first to us were new.
Adieu to the Judge, good Capon line'd,
So well described in Shakespeare's rhyme.
Adieu to the sister and the loving wife,
The synonyms of a Christian life.
Adieu to the son, the genial host, the faithful friend,

Whose praise hangs ever on tongue's end.
Adieu to the mirth, adieu to the glee,
Adieu to the Virginia hospitality.
And O ! what memories within us swell,
As each bids the other a long farewell.

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